CASSANDRAS AND ASTROLOGERS, By Lindsay Roger

The Saturday Review of Literature

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VOL. XXIV NO. 35 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1941 FIFTEEN CENTS

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By David Garnett

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By John Philips Cranwell

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By S. L. A. Marshall
Three Reviews by Fletcher Pratt

"THE SOVIETS EXPECTED IT"
By Anna Louise Strong
Reviewed by William H. Chamberlin

"DAKAR, OUTPOST OF TWO HEMISPHERES"
By Emil Lengyel
Reviewed by Linton Wells

"EDUCATION FOR DEATH"
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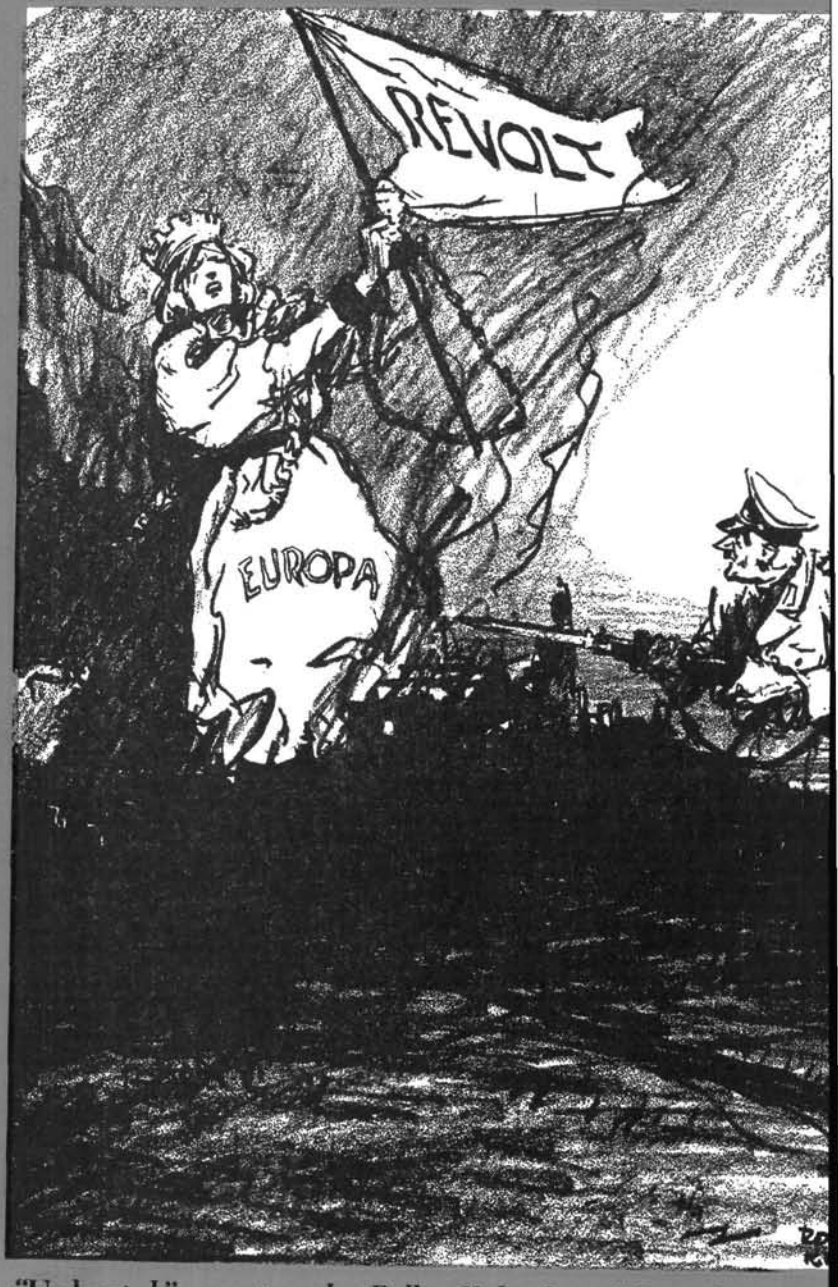

"Undaunted," a cartoon by Rollin Kirby from "He Who Laughs—Lasts." Norwegians have found humor to be a sharp weapon in their arsenal against Nazism . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Cassandras and Astrologers

The Writer and the War: An Informal Box-Score

LINDSAY ROGERS

EVEN the most unimportant of the many writers who, during the last few years, have expressed themselves between bound covers on foreign affairs and/or military problems, will not be able to escape a certain kind of immortality. Years hence, and not *faute de mieux,* candidates for the degree of doctor of philosophy will write dissertations on the polemical literature that preceded 1939 and 1941. They will analyze its nature and its (mostly lack of) effect. They will group the authors as publicists, professors, journalists, apologists, propagandists, and military critics, and perhaps a dissertation will be written on each group. The embryonic Ph.D.'s could (but probably will not) classify the authors more simply as Cassandras and Astrologers.

To the daughter of Priam and Hecuba, as Macaulay's schoolboy would know, Apollo gave the gift of accurate prophecy but ordained that her predictions should not be believed. Of Queen Victoria the *London Times* once said: "All her warnings, like those of Cassandra, were neglected and, like those of Cassandra, were fulfilled in every instance." Applied to "The Dear Queen," the comparison was not very apt. Applied to those whose warnings concerning the Axis Powers the Freedom Powers too long neglected to heed, the comparison is apt.

In suggesting that other recent writers may be Astrologists, I am not thinking of those who in England have such tremendous publics. A few weeks ago, the *New Statesman and Nation* said that "so far as women (the majority of the population) are concerned," astrology in a number of newspapers had become more influential than the editorial column. One almanac sold three million copies annually; a number of booklets and magazines had sales running into the hundreds of thousands, and there were thousands of private astrologers who did business by correspondence. With mounting casualty lists, the American branch of the business may be expected to grow. But the Astrologers I am thinking of now are those Rebecca West had in mind when she said that before a war military science seems "a real science like astronomy and that after the war comes it seems more like astrology."

Our Cassandras and Astrologists have been numerous. In a syllabus on "War and Defense Policy" that is to appear shortly, there will be a "selective" bibliography.* Leaving out works of less than one hundred pages, purely ideological tracts and treatments of special events (*e. g.,* the fall of France), I calculate that during the last two years alone, eighty authors have attempted to delectate, edify, instruct, horrify, or stupefy the American reading public on the meaning of our times. No one can say that we have not had enough to read.

Among most of our instructors there has been a broad basis of agreement. They accepted the truth of, although I think none quoted, Edmund Burke's warning: "When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." Most of the Cassandras, by implication at least, dotted the i's and crossed the t's on a well-known passage in "Mein Kampf" which was so frank that we hesitated to believe it: "A clever conqueror will always, if possible, impose his demands on the conquered by instalments. For a people that makes a voluntary surrender saps its own character . . ." Hardly any pamphleteer told the United States that it did not have anything to fear from the holocaust which in September, 1939, began to rage in Europe. Certainly few and none with Mrs. Lindbergh's gift of style, passed over lightly, as she did in "The Wave of the Future," the horrors of the gangsters that wanted to rid the world of the democracies in order to descry possibilities of progress. One reason for this orientation was that most of the writers thought that Hitler threatened us. Another reason was that the customers thought so too. They suspected that the wave of the future was the shadow of the past or the gurge of the present. Chaplin's "The Great Dictator," and other "propagandist" films were what they wanted. Without ridicule or contumely they would have walked out.

Now that the United States is at war it will not have to learn new lessons. It will simply have to recall these lessons that went unheeded. Many of them came from newspaper correspondents who had been stationed abroad. While not the first chronologically (and not part of our recent instruction), Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" was the first foreign correspondent's book to make a stir. "Not Peace but a Sword" was again the work of an artist as well as of a reporter. It appeared shortly after Prague and dealt in large part with the rehearsal in Spain—a preview through which the European democracies and the United States had sat rather indifferently and of which they had not said: "This is so horrible that the play cannot be put on." During the past two years, there has been a steady stream of books on the meaning of the war for us—for the most part good books—and the American reader who has kept up with all of them has had little time to keep up with much else. Edmond Taylor's "The Strategy of Terror" was the strategy used later against the Balkan states. Otto D. Tolischus, who described the intentions of the Nazis, will be able, if he gets out of Japan, to use the

**WAR AND DEFENSE POLICY: A Syllabus. Edited by Grayson Kirk and Richard P. Stebbins, with a Foreword by Lindsay Rogers, Carlton J. H. Hayes, and Edward M. Earle. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc.*

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same title for a second book: "They Wanted War." The sombre, careful details in "Berlin Diary" will make historians cite the name of William L. Shirer. These men and others like them, going to Europe with different backgrounds and holding different opinions on American and European politics, became unanimous on this: it was not a foreign quarrel from which we could isolate ourselves.

That was the refrain of most of those who were not journalists. Harold Nicolson's little Penguin book, "Why Britain Is at War," had a marvelous first chapter called "Brides in the Bath." Before he was convicted, George Joseph Smith did away with three brides, and what reader could say that Hitler's technique in disposing of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland was not much the same? With impeccable logic, Raymond Leslie Buell's "Isolated America," argued that America is not isolated. Whether America should do anything at once about her lack of isolation—that is, when and where she should spend blood as well as toil and sweat was not clear. If it is true, as the French have said, that a passion for logic drives men mad, then the United States had no passion for logic. It remained calm.

But suppose that just after the fall of France, the United States had moved on Dakar in overwhelming force and had informed Vichy, then hesitant and puzzled and not so sure as it has since become that it faces the guillotine if England does not fall and France is not defeated still further, that we were taking over that portion of West Africa "for the duration." Indubitably we could have done that then, and at small and perhaps no cost. Of course, if our Commander-in-Chief had acted thus, he would have been denounced as a dictator, as a warmonger. Congress would have been too sensible, I think, to repudiate his action, but there would have been strong opposition. The country would not have been united. Now that the country is united, who among us does not regret that we failed thus to act more than a year ago? Dakar under French (and German) control is handicapping us in the battle of the Atlantic.

In the Pacific, Japan did not wait. The manner of the surprise was unexpected but war between the United States and Japan was not. I recall no recent writer who warned of what the Japanese had done to the Russian fleet at Vladivostok and therefore preached eternal vigilance. But many writers saw that policies, if unchanged, made conflict inevitable. Six years ago, Nathaniel Peffer answered his question, "Must We Fight in Asia?," with a qualified affirmative. "Either half a continent must fall to Japan, with all the consequences that entails for the rest of the world, or there must be war. From these alternatives there is now no escape. . . . Concretely, America must foreswear its future in the Far East or overcome Japan. America must yield or Japan must yield. . . . Japan will not. America gives every indication that it will not. Perhaps it cannot in self-preservation. Certainly it cannot without restricting its scope and accepting a limitation of its hopes that it never has shown any temperamental inclination to accept. Concession to fate is still alien to the American temper." More recently, and from somewhat different premises, Robert Aura Smith's "Our Future in Asia" reached substantially the same conclusion. "The fall of France," says Mr. Smith, "was the signal for an immediate cry for 'appeasement' of the Japanese. Presumably we had to take part in an Asiatic Munich in order to be able to build tanks in the United States." Well, further appeasement might have delayed but it could hardly have prevented war. As Whitney Shepardson has said, appeasement may be defined as "how to lose friends without influencing your enemies."

From the astrologers' warnings to the American public about Japan preceded warnings about Germany. Twenty years ago this month, in *The World's Work*, I called attention to a recent book by Hector C. Bywater, the English naval critic—"Sea Power in the Pacific: a Study of the American-Japanese Naval Problem." As its title indicates, the volume dealt with the naval resources of the two powers "and of the strategical problems likely to arise in the unhappy event of an armed conflict for the mastery of the Pacific." Mr. Bywater thought that the war "would be a terrible and protracted struggle, so full of novel elements and uncertainties that those who have studied the matter most carefully are the least disposed to predict the ultimate outcome." In what I wrote about the book, I lamented the fact that in the United States there was no Lord Fisher or Sir Percy Scott "to write explosive letters to the papers to make strategy interesting to the man in the street, to decry the battleship *(sic)*, to weigh submarines against airplanes, and to discuss alarmingly the defenseless position of the Philippines." Since then we have spent billions, but the questions I then posed are no less pertinent.

In 1925, Mr. Bywater wrote an imaginary account of "The Great Pacific War" which he thought would come ten years before it actually did. His subtitle was "A History of the American-Japanese Campaign of 1931-33."

(*Continued on page* 17)

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Frank E. Taylor, Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIV, No. 35, December 20, 1941. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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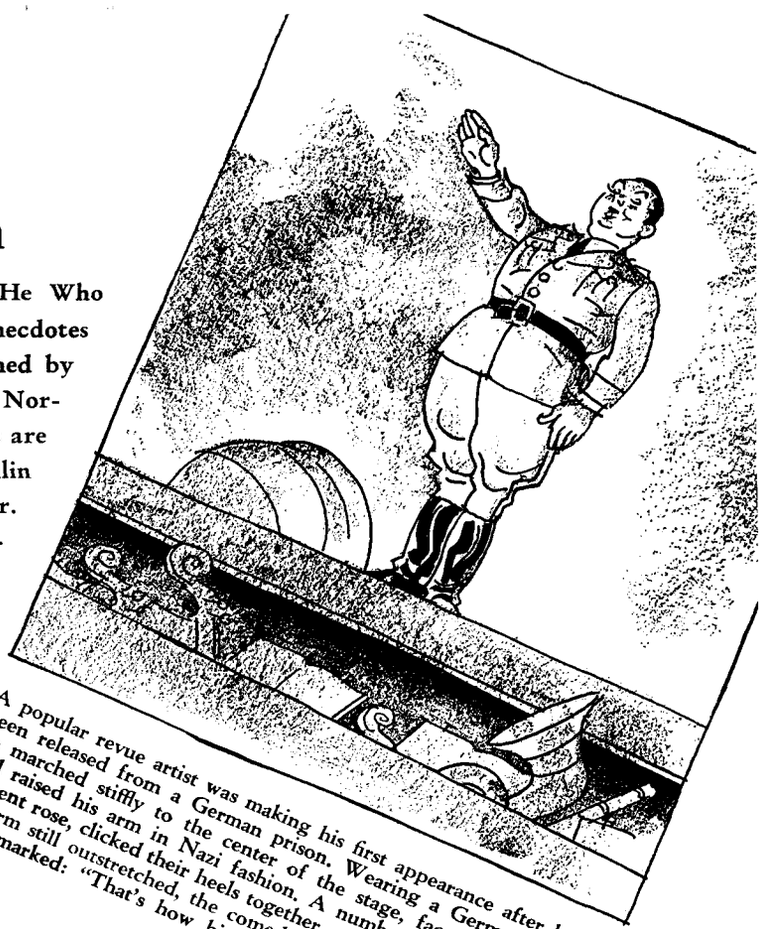
Humor as a Weapon

A NEWCOMER among the books of war cartoons is "He Who Laughs—Lasts!" Consisting of drawings related to anecdotes from Norway's home front, the volume is edited and published by Hans Olav and Tor Mykebost, press representatives of the Norwegian Government in the United States. Most of the cartoons are drawn by Johan Bull; other cartoons are contributed by Rollin Kirby, Gluyas Williams, John R. Holmgren, and Fred Cooper. This book is published not only to demonstrate that Norwegians have not lost their sense of humor, even under the impact of the hammer blows of Nazism, but to show that one of their most effective weapons—"one which the Nazis fear most—is the popular wit, the bounteous surplus of a hardy people. That is the weapon which hits the Nazis daily. Like the stinging lashes of a whip." Reproduced on this page are three drawings from this book, whose authors write that "the grim chuckle of men in deadly peril has baffled and tormented the Nazis, whose weapons of conquest were wrought only for physical destruction and who never could dive-bomb or torpedo the spirit of a nation." ($1.25.)



A popular revue artist was making his first appearance after having been released from a German prison. Wearing a German uniform he marched stiffly to the center of the stage, faced the audience, and raised his arm in Nazi fashion. A number of German officers present rose, clicked their heels together, and saluted in return. With his arm still outstretched, the comedian's face broke into a smile as he remarked: "That's how high my dog jumped yesterday."

During the fighting just north of Oslo, bus drivers were compelled to transport German troops from the city to the battle scene. One driver had discharged his load near Harestua and had then proceeded along the narrow road to find a place where he could turn around. When he returned to the spot he found all his 32 passengers shot to death. There came a shout from the nearby woods:

"Are you the fellow who brought these soldiers up here?"

"Yes," answered the driver, terrified. "But not because I wanted to——"

"Shut up!" came the voice. "Get back to town as fast as you can and bring us a new load!"

In a railroad car compartment a German officer was expounding over what a blessing it was for Norway that the Germans had come.

"And when the war is over," continued the German, "we'll withdraw and you will get your country back again . . ."

"We have no doubt about that," said an elderly gentleman seated in the corner. "But what would happen if you fellows should win?"

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War's Three Dimensions

Reviewed by Fletcher Pratt

WAR IN THE AIR. By David Garnett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 292 *pp.* $3.50.

DURING the "phony war" there was frequently heard the statement from the Allied side that: "We are beginning this war where the last one left off." It proved only too distressingly true as far as the Allied high command was concerned and not true at all for the Germans, who remembered only too well what had happened to them in that last one; and among the things that made it true was the attitude of London and Paris toward the two factors that distinguish this war from all preceding —aerial warfare and propaganda.

The press releases dished out by Allied headquarters at the beginning of the present conflict, in fact, repay quite a little study in the light of subsequent events. They were uniformly of the soothing-syrup character—everything's going to be all right, there will be no more hard fighting—which, students of the art assure us, is the correct approach, and indeed the only one, for thoroughly war-weary peoples. Like similar issues of March, 1918, they were also disingenuous in the extreme; they invented all manner of elaborate explanations why the war in the air should remain phony without once suggesting the deadly and fundamental cause—that the Allied air services were in a state of such hopeless inferiority they did not dare attack, while the Germans were using the winter to make their superiority absolutely crushing by intensified production.

The air part of this is in Mr. Garnett's book; the rest of it is implicit in the fact that the book has been issued. For it could hardly have appeared at all without official approval, and there is internal evidence that the author must have had access to official reports and records. No newspaper or magazine has yet told his story about the Italian government's proud announcement in the summer of 1940 that *H.M.S. Hood* had been heavily bombed and perhaps sunk. (It turned out that the announcement had been made on the aviators' reports; they had bombed a battleship all right, but when she reached harbor they discovered it was the Fascists'.)

The result is the fullest and one of the frankest accounts of the war in the air yet issued, fairly told, without rhetoric for the glorious achievements of the R.A.F. and without epithets for the Germans. The account is accompanied by some excellent running commentary on the developing strategy and tactics of air warfare. Dive-bombing by daylight does not pay, for instance—that was the great mistake the Germans made in the attacks on England last fall. The conditions of the drive into France were highly specialized and are not likely to be repeated. Air power, surprisingly, is one of the least mobile of all arms; for before airplanes can operate effectively over an area they require the support of ground crews and machine-shops, which simply cannot be improvised. The best way to deal with night raiders is to catch them just taking off from or returning to base.

Much of this is recorded in war plans divisions and official documents; little or none of it has been explained for public consumption, and it is very fortunate that it should be set forth by so skilled a hand and in so even a temper. There are a few gaps, of course; one searches in vain for any remarks on what the British are doing to counter the raids of the long-range Focke-Wulf Condors against Atlantic shipping; in vain for anything about radio locators, or for any intimation that the Curtiss Hawk has been found wanting for work over England. But taken all in all, this is by far the best book on the war in the air yet to appear.

THE DESTINY OF SEA POWER. By John Philips Cranwell. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1941. 262 *pp.* $2.75.

ARMIES ON WHEELS. By S. L. A. Marshall. New York: Morrow & Co. 1941. 251 *pp.* $2.50.

THAT a book, or books, saying what these do was bound to be written someday by somebody takes nothing from the credit due the men who have accomplished the double task of discovering the nature of mechanical war and furnishing the illustrative examples to support it. It took Baron Jomini some twenty years to accomplish for the Napoleonic system what they have done in two for the Blitzkreig; and Napoleon's secretary had the advantage of his master's voice, while this pair must rest on the always tendentious and usually mendacious communiqués.

It is probably a benefit, also, that two men rather than one, attempted the job. Mr. Cranwell, primarily interested in the peculiar things that are happening to sea-power in this conflict, was needed to furnish the general background, and Mr. Marshall, fundamentally concerned with wheels, to fill in the details. Under their analysis the Blitzkrieg develops, not as the swing of any irresistible wave of the future, but into something simple as apple pie, that can be made by any people who will take the time to grow the fruit, and that have the intelli-

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gence to handle them in the right way.

Mr. Cranwell first. He holds that the destiny of sea-power is not so much that of being replaced by other forms of military force as of lending its technique to those others. The air? It may replace sea-power some day, he says willingly—but not because bombers can sink battleships. Even if bombers sank all the battleships, there would have to be aircraft carriers and anti-aircraft cruisers to keep bombers from sinking merchant ships. Air power will replace sea-power only when air commerce predominantly replaces ocean commerce, which leads him to a new definition of sea-power, a revision of Mahan, defining it as the ability to use the sea for the transport of goods and men. In connection with which he points out that a German submarine may be quite as effective an agent of sea-power as a British battleship.

But this is only a preliminary to his remark that war on the ocean has been mechanized ever since the sail replaced the oar as the prime mover for ships. Armies today still use for their movement, especially in battle, an enormous amount of that human muscular energy which went out of naval war at the Battle of Lepanto. But the process has already set in on land, and was early developed in the air; and the end of it will be that the vehicle will become the tactical unit; from which it follows that the cannon, a vehicle-destroying unit, must be the primary weapon of the future. If the analogies of the earlier mechanization at sea are to be followed, he insists, we shall build more securely toward our own defense.

This comparison, this analogy, is the main service of his book. At the one point where he attempts specific application, he turns up the doctrine that war in the air will produce planes with less speed and more armament and armor, to fight for military control of the new element. This was exactly the theory on which the French went to work when they built their combat air force around the "flying tank," already a failure in the days of Franco's rebellion.

But at the point of specific application Mr. Marshall takes over. He begins that way—most specifically with brief pictures of the 1941 Balkan campaign, those of Greece and Crete, Rommell's desert campaign, and part of the Nazi adventure in Russia, freely admitting that there is much in all of them that remains obscure, yet insisting that in spite of the obscurities, analysis must be made now to be of any practical use. It is rather surprising to discover that although starting from exactly the opposite point from

(*Continued on page* 16)

Behind the Russian Front

THE SOVIETS EXPECTED IT. By Anna Louise Strong. New York: The Dial Press. 1941. 279 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

IT used to be the fashion in the Soviet Union to launch societies for the vigilant maintenance of "Marxism" and "Leninism" in every branch of human life and thought. Leninism in literature, Marxism in art; it would have been a bold, not to say suicidal Soviet citizen who would have contradicted either formula. But the vogue went still further. It is a matter of record that Soviet journals, in all seriousness, put forward such slogans as "For Party Spirit in Mathematics," "For Purity of Marxist-Leninist Theory in Surgery," and there was a society of physicians called "Leninism in Medicine." A genial foreign Soviet sympathizer who had not lost a sense of humor commented on the latter:

> I suppose its practical rule would be: if the patient has a pain in the toe, cut off the leg. If there's any doubt about it, cut off both.

These recollections of the Soviet Union were evoked by reading this latest book by Anna Louise Strong, which rigorously interprets every event in recent and contemporary Soviet history from the standpoint of the "Party line." There has been no such uncritical eulogy of Stalin and his regime since that amazing work of the Dean of Canterbury, the one clerical figure whom communists like to cite as an infallible authority.

A reviewer who is not on the Party line himself is at a distinct disadvantage in discussing such a book. It is not a matter of agreeing with the writer on some points and disagreeing on others. It is rather a question of analyzing a doctrinal, dogmatic approach to contemporary history, the refutation of which would require, if not another book, at least a good deal more space than a review could claim.

Anna Louise Strong

What is one to say, for instance, about such a curious title, in relation to the Stalin-Hitler deal of August 23, 1939, as "The Pact That Stopped Hitler?" The immediate effect of this pact was to let loose the second European war. The second was to permit Hitler to throw his full military force against France and achieve the crushing victory of June, 1940. This in turn facilitated the conquest of the Balkans and finally made possible an attack on the Soviet Union itself. Just where, and how, was Hitler "stopped" by this pact?

One of the features of the Party line is its extreme flexibility. Communist publications which could see in the British nothing but predatory imperialists until June 22, 1941, discovered after that date they were heroes. Miss Strong does not adjust her justification focus, even when some later event has clearly upset an earlier propagandist statement. For instance, she argues gravely that the Soviet protectorate which was forced on Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania in the autumn of 1939 did not make them "vassal states." Inasmuch as this protectorate was merely the prelude to forcible annexation and the complete obliteration of the independent existence of these states in the summer of 1940, the point about their not being "vassals" seems, to put it mildly, rather farfetched.

Miss Strong hasn't even caught up with the fact that there was a famine in Russia in 1932-33, something that is grudgingly and shamefacedly admitted now, justified, of course, as part of a higher good, even by writers who are extremely favorable to the Soviet regime. She couldn't find evidence of famine, she says, in individual villages or in the total Soviet census. Apparently she did not visit the right villages at the right time; this reviewer could give her the names of several, in the North Caucasus and in Ukraina, where the local Soviet authorities admitted that from one tenth to one third of the people died during the terrible winter and spring of 1932-33.

The whole picture of Soviet-Finnish relations is comparable in accuracy and realism with a statement of von Ribbentrop or Goebbels about German relations with Norway or Belgium. Without batting an eyelash she suggests that the Finns fired the first

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shot in 1939-1940, and she brings up about every reason for that war except the true one: the desire of the Finns to defend the integrity of their own country. Nothing in her long-winded apologia explains either the marvellous tenacity of Finnish resistance against overwhelming odds or the fact that not a single Finn, so far as the records show, elected to remain in the regions which were annexed to the Soviet Union. She also omits reference to a fact of great importance in understanding Finland's hard dilemma in the present war. When Molotov went to Berlin in November, 1940 he wanted a complete annexation of Finland.

This would have meant more than subjugation: it would have meant physical annihilation. For it has always been Soviet policy to break up recalcitrant nationalities by mass deportations to remote and unhealthy parts of the Soviet Union. This was the experience of the Poles when Eastern Poland was occupied, of the Finns in the neighborhood of Leningrad, of many Koreans in the Far East and Uzbeks from Central Asia.

Like the Dean of Canterbury, although with less excuse, because she has lived for a long time in Russia, Miss Strong humorlessly and uncritically adopts as her own the official Soviet explanation of every phase of foreign and internal policy. The whole sale slaughter of the purges was just "smashing the Fifth Column." Even the reader who is disposed to give Stalin's regime the benefit of every reasonable doubt would become suspicious, I should think, of the portrait of a society where every worker is on fire with zeal for more work, every peasant shouts with delight at the mention of the collective farm, and every Soviet citizen of every class is so pat in saying to Miss Strong exactly what the Soviet Government would like him to say. Such a society is just a little too good to be true in the present fallible state of human nature.

Years ago the younger generation that is now nourished on Superman was offered for reading fare a series of books on a model little boy named Rollo. And this work belongs on a shelf of "Rollo books" about Russia. It is a pity, because the whole phenomenon of the Bolshevik Revolution and the tremendous ordeal through which the Russian people are now living, and which may lead to profound changes in the character of the Soviet state, deserve a more live and realistic and credible explanation.

William Henry Chamberlin is the author of the recently published "The World's Iron Age."

Springboard

DAKAR, OUTPOST OF TWO HEMISPHERES. By Emil Lengyel. New York: Random House. 1941. 312 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

AMONG the geographical names which the war has impressed upon our Western hemisphere consciousness, none is more portentous than Dakar, capitol of Vichy French West Africa.

Sweltering under an equatorial sun where the Dark Continent bulges nearest to South America, 1600 miles away, Dakar is the potential jumping-off place for Nazi legions if and when Hitler decides to undertake an invasion of this hemisphere. Dakar is also a current menace to the successful prosecution of democracy's battle for survival, because its tactical advantages already have been placed at Hitler's disposal by the weak-spined Pêtain government.

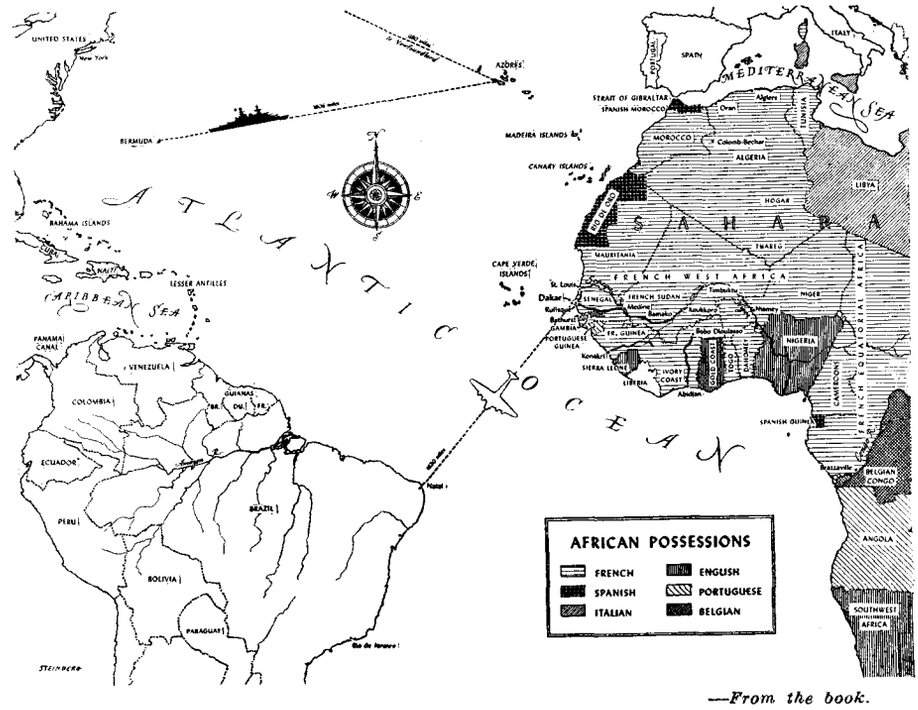
Emil Lengyel says, "There is not one book on Dakar in the English language, and, except for two brief monographs, even the French have neglected to write about it." So Mr. Lengyel has compiled a book about Dakar, but has not quite made up the deficiency.

The author has used his shears and paste with a free hand, and the result is an encyclopedic and repetitious history of places, peoples, and power politics, utterly devoid of the color which intimacy with a subject automatically would have given it. Actually, "Dakar," the book, is as dry as Dakar itself during those eight months of the year when Senegal is a living hell.

Nevertheless, it enables the reader to arrive at a better understanding of Dakar's importance, particularly as it affects the United States. Despite Vichy denials, it has been definitely established that Dakar's excellent, strongly-fortified harbor is being used by Nazi submarines to harass Atlantic shipping and that its airport is a base for German long-range bombers. In fact there is a good reason to believe that the American freighter *Lehigh,* torpedoed off the West African coast, was sunk by a U-boat operating out of Dakar.

Mr. Lengyel's book takes you beyond the coastline and, among other things, shows you how the Germans are preparing for the future—forcing the Vichy French to build scores of strategic airports with native labor, realizing an old French dream to build a railroad from Algeria's Mediterranean littoral across the Sahara to Dakar. This Trans-Sahara railway runs through 2200 miles of hell, and is being built at fabulous cost by enslaved men from the concentration camps of Hitler-dominated Europe, working shoulder to shoulder with the natives. But when it is completed, Mr. Lengyel points out, the Germans will have a comparatively safe route for the transportation of troops and supplies one way, and vital raw materials the other —provided, of course, the current empire effort to drive the axis out of North Africa fails and is not extended into the French colonies, or the United States neglects to occupy this strategic territory and nearby Atlantic islands before the Germans get entrenched.

The impression left by this book is that we had better get a wiggle on.



—*From the book.*

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Roots of Nazism

WAR AND THE GERMAN MIND. By William K. Pfeiler. New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. 349 *pp.* $3.25.

Reviewed by H. B. WREATH

What were the German soldiers at the front thinking and feeling as they fought? Did they resent being in the army, or did they feel called to a mission? Were they fighting to conquer or to defend? Were they thinking of going home or of the excitements of the next furlough? Were they sustained by faith in the fatherland or by Christian hope? Would they bring a new social order out of the chaos? Or didn't they care any more?

THIS is the basic problem of a study of German war novels written between 1918 and 1939, presented in a book which for the first time reveals the German literary reaction to the war experience. But "War and the German Mind" is much more. It is a factual, readable, and stimulating analysis of the German conception of life and death as expressed in the ideas of important writers about peace and war. It shows clearly that the roots of Nazism were alive at a time when people outside of the Reich thought that the humanitarian ideals of the Weimar Republic had made the Germans forget the "spiritual legacy of the front." It was a mistake. Hitler's "Mein Kampf" and Alfred Rosenberg's "Der Mythus des 20. Jahrhunderts" had already set the heroic Spartan ideal against the ideals of the new Republic, and the ethnocentric "we" of a "master race" against the "I" of an individualistic era.

Mr. Pfeiler undertakes the task of reviewing all significant war novels published in Germany after the Great War. He reminds us that the success of the Third Reich in establishing its ideological empire over the German people was aided in no small degree by the receptivity of the Germans to the stirring appeal: "Remember the war." He discusses the question as to why the Weimar Republic, for the sake of a democratic Germany, did not act more determinedly to claim a legitimate share in the legacy of the front. He reveals that many German soldiers were not pacifists but dreamed of a new messianic order.

In conclusion he finds two basic attitudes concerning the ethics of human participation in war, one egocentric, the other ethnocentric. There were idealists and realists among writers of both groups. Andreas Latzko, Juenger, Flex, and others, passionately turned against militarism. Arnold Zweig, Remarque, Von der Vring, O. M. Graf, and others gave expression to the cry "No more War." ("All Quiet on the Western Front," in Mr. Pfeiler's judgment, is scarcely a serious ethical document). E. E. Kisch, Ludwig Renn, Ernst Johannsen were also more or less egocentric writers; they condemned the slaughter, wanted to forget the word "Fatherland," and warned against the war criminals of all nations. Then Franz Werfel in his "Musa Dagh," highly praised in this study, made "the experience of one man and one people an unforgettable, symbolic, and artistic document of the war." Here the individual, the fate of a racial community, and modern nationalism are bound in a story which convincingly emphasizes that the "individual is of prime concern but has obligations to his people."

From here the author considers the gradual decline of the egocentric novel and the rise of national sentiment in Germany. The chapters: "The People in Battle," "The Vision of the Reich," "The Soldier and His Leader" outline, criticize, and analyze many books written by pro-Nazi writers whose works although unknown in this country are of literary value. Euringer, J. V. Goltz, Sander, presented the "heroic German," a "German Christianity of deed," while Edwin Erich Dwinger demanded a strong leadership. "Every community should be a synthesis of collectivism and individualism, national and social." He and many other writers of his time called for "a new Germany."

The discussion of a hundred war novels can only be highly interesting for the historian. But the author shows that mystic forces in Germany were not less responsible for the rise of Hitler than economic and racial problems. The "Junker Spirit" did not die during and after the war. Therefore "War and the German Mind" is an excellent corrective for those who believe that the Germans ever wanted peace. It contains strong and lasting impressions and is thoroughly annotated and documented. The author understands the Nazi writers. He presents their ideas with balance and fairness for some anti-Nazi writers.

From the Ground Up

EDUCATION FOR DEATH: The Making of the Nazi. By Gregor Ziemer. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 208 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

IN "School for Barbarians" Erika Mann has brilliantly exposed the fantastic ways by which the Nazis are changing youth-education, and how German family life is being destroyed by organizations such as the Hitler Youth and the Bund Deutscher Maedel (League of German Girls). Racial instruction has become more important than general knowledge. The core of all teaching consists of nothing but following the Fuehrer. The German girls learn biology and heredity for future motherhood. The childless woman—married or unmarried—is regarded as an incomplete member of the National commonwealth.

In "Education for Death" Gregor Ziemer, a former newspaperman and director of the American Colony School in Berlin, collects even more fascinating and important material. He is the first American to have visited various Nazi institutions. His descriptions of all phases of education there are authentic, and they reveal horrifying conditions in the Third Reich.

The author early discovered that the Nazi school was an auxiliary of the army and that its methods were "guarded as if they were military secrets." He therefore employed the only system he knew that would produce the desired results if he wanted to study the educational centers. He bribed. He was granted an appointment with Nazi Minister of Culture, Bernhard Rust, and after having waited many months he was permitted to visit Nazi institutions and even to ask questions of officials if he wished.

Then he went into pre-natal Nazi clinics, sterilization hospitals, schools for the feeble-minded, and colonial schools. He wrote down his discussions with teachers, students, and parents. He came to the conclusion that: "Hitler schools do their job diabolically well. They are preparing boys and girls as a sacrifice for Hitler, who has

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said, 'Let the children come unto me —for they are mine unto death'."

One day he went to a medieval castle on the Rhine where two hundred youngsters were to be promoted that morning from Pimf (boys frox six to ten years old) to Jungvolk (boys from ten to fourteen). There were trumpets, speeches, initiation rites, and an oath: "I am willing and ready to give up my life for Hitler, so help me God." He asked one of the boys: "You are very proud today?" "Jawohl," was the answer; "Today I was allowed to dedicate my life to Hitler. I will follow him until I die."

The description of the author's visit to a city hospital for women makes an exciting story. He saw "for more than an hour women come in with the cradle of life intact, and leave empty shells." He discovered that all these women were suffering from defects. "We are even eradicating color-blindness in the Third Reich," he was told. And also that there are courts which decide which woman is to be sterilized. "It is all done legally, rest assured. We have law and order."

Later Mr. Ziemer visited many of the sixty mother-and-child homes maintained throughout Germany where girls having babies out of wedlock are cared for at State expense. One of the girls told him with burning eyes: "My child will belong to the State. I am bringing it into the world because Hitler has asked me to." She expressed the hope that her child would be a boy to grow up and join the Elite Guard, the S. S. "I am hoping that I will have pain, much pain when my child is born. I want to feel that I am going through a real ordeal—for the Fuehrer."

All the girls he met scoffed at the American woman's interest in politics and business. They felt having "babies for Hitler" was much more important.

How is America to combat the spirit of German youth with our own spirit of democracy, the author asks in the last chapter of his illuminating and honest book? Have we in our schools "the deep-rooted enthusiasm for democracy that German schools have for Hitler's ideology?" Mr. Ziemer believes that education for life is more worthy of survival than Hitler's education for death. If Nazi boys are crying, "Let me die for Hitler," the slogan in America must be: "Let me live for America."

America, and its parents, its instructors and advisers should awake. Mr. Ziemer's book might open the eyes of many who still believe that Nazism is nothing but another social revolution. It is madness — education for death.

Our Battle

THE BATTLE OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Albert E. Carter. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 332 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by KATHERINE RODELL

THIS latest book on South America is less the product of the good-will assembly line than many of its predecessors, because Mr. Carter has actually thought about the thorny problem of United States-South American relations. But it is not until he reaches his last chapter, on "What to Do," that he emerges with the realization that the battle of South America is primarily an economic one. I wish he had written his whole book from that point of view, instead of from the more sensational angle of fear of a direct Nazi military invasion. This is not to say that a military invasion of South America is impossible, but it is to emphasize what Mr. Carter himself finally points out, that economic penetration comes first.

The battle of South America is already raging. We must of course be prepared for the worst that can happen abroad, but if we can free South America from its former dependence on European markets by a permanent program of increased purchases, and by helping the South American nations to achieve a more balanced economy, we can prevent even a victorious Hitler from acquiring a lion's share of South American trade as an entering wedge for political domination. Our first concern must be to weld the hemisphere into an economic bloc, so firmly bound with the potent ties of greatly increased two-way trade, that Nazi economic penetration will be impossible. Hitler might then try a military invasion, but such an attack could be far more easily met if the South American nations were convinced (as, alas, they are not now) that their future prosperity lay with us. If we are really worried about the Nazi menace in South America, we should be much more concerned about the unsaleable surpluses of Argentine corn piled along the railroad tracks than we are about the German colonies in Brazil.

Economic warfare, though equally devastating, is not so dramatically horrifying to contemplate as is the modern blitzkreig, which may be why Mr. Carter, correctly seeing South America as a battleground, prefers to think of it is as a military one. It is perhaps unfair to put him into the category of writers on South America described in his own apt phrase as the "bated breath" school, yet he is somewhat inclined to "view with alarm," only to indicate later that the alarm was groundless. If Mr. Carter had gone a little below the obvious surface, if he had worried a little less about the German air-lines and a little more about the Nazi sympathies of the politically dominant landowners, who see Germany as a market for their unsold grain; if he had looked less at the military weakness of South America and more at the weakness of United States trade, hampered by shipping shortages and priority controls; if he had devoted more time to a study of South America's increasing industrialization, and what that means to us in terms of hemisphere self-sufficiency, he would have written a truer and a more constructive book.

—*From "South American Primer."*

Katherine Carr Rodell is the author of "South American Primer."

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American Choice

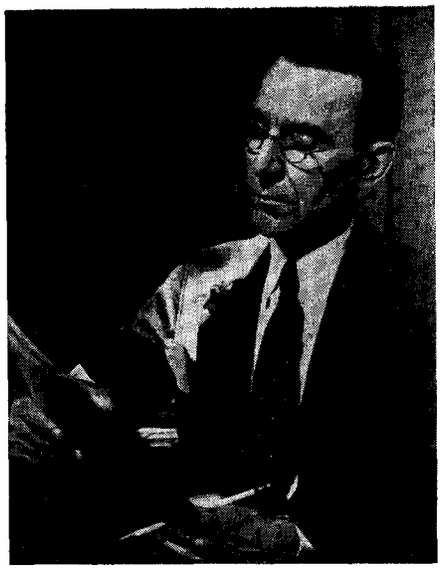
ON ALL FRONTS. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Vanguard Press. 1941. 193 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

WITH his usual lucidity of thought and expression, Ralph Barton Perry has sought to unravel, in less than two hundred pages, the confused feelings and ideas of his countrymen concerning the present war. "On All Fronts" begins with a discussion of the commonplace fallacy of false choice—"shall we be realistic or idealistic?" (as if we could not be both)—and ends with a sober statement of the character of the war, leading to a forecast, neither gloomy nor sanguine, of the fruits of immediate action. In between, the author takes cognizance of his opponents' positions and combats them with sympathy. He does not represent his antagonists as fools or knaves; he does not impute motives, but sees them as bewildered or misguided persons hypnotized by a single fact, a single point on the horizon. Their strenuous arguments err chiefly in deficient vision.

The book possesses an interest even more general than the already general one of forcing us to willingly accept war on all fronts. It is a subtle, wholly unobtrusive example of a mature philosophy applied to a concrete situation. Mr. Perry is a practical philosopher in both senses of the qualifying adjective. He combines logical thought with historical wisdom so naturally as to make one forget that it is he thinking and not the reader threading his way through that tangle of plausible and appealing affirmations which is the world's daily fare. Semantics, Democracy, Religion, Liberty, Motherhood, Perfectionism, Empire, Tyranny, and the Life of Man come up as subjects which —one would think—ought to be treated in separate volumes of great weight and length. But they fall here into their proper places with the aid of definitions that are not less exact for being casually given; and they form together a scheme of things necessarily leading to America's direct and total action on the side of Great Britain.

If any objection must be made to so persuasive and reasonable a sermon, it is that it stereotypes individual and national psychology. Mr. Perry's remarks about the French debacle lean too exclusively on Maurois's account and on a somewhat theatrical view of Frenchmen as predestined to emotional instability. This is to neglect political and social factors of great force and antiquity, and to fail to see that France, no less than Spain, fought a Civil War not yet terminated. In the same way, the needful concentration on the Axis powers' external acts keeps out of sight the moral and historical significance of fascism for central Europe. There is indeed no reason why Mr. Perry should be greatly concerned with this historical problem, nor should any consideration of it weaken the advocacy of measures designed for the defense of the United States. But in the aftermath, to which Mr. Perry gives a generous and thoughtful glance, we shall have to understand a state of mind we can now only combat. Hence a word about this Sphinx looming ahead might have made perfect and complete an admirably philosophical aid to reflection.



Ralph Barton Perry

Liberty and Reason

NEW LIBERTIES FOR OLD. By Carl L. Becker. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 182 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE collected essays of a professor should ordinarily be confronted with the same careful doubt with which one approaches the poems of hitherto unpublished poets. But Carl Becker is a scintillating exception. Few Americans have so profitably invested the intellectual heritage of the eighteenth century, when thinkers were gentlemen and skeptics, writers of flawless prose, pocked with epigrams not too raucous. These papers deal with freedom, democracy, dictatorial disorder, and civic virtue. It is, of course, inevitable that during the five years which have elapsed since the first was written, the impact of events on the author's mind should have changed; and yet the thinking which underlies all the essays is of one piece, confident in the righteousness of democracy but none too sure of men's ability to keep democracy going.

Professor Becker contends that although the desire for freedom is as ancient as man himself, the notion that one could get it by simply ousting those who would not grant it and then setting out to rule oneself is the product of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. Briefly stated, men of that time believed that reason could put a purely theoretical definition of human nature into political practice. They wanted Utopia because it seemed clear to them that Utopia was what men should and could have. Since their time, any number of attempts have been made to follow their recipe. And looking back, the modern spectator is not at all sure that the job can be done. He beholds revolutions wheeling along in a vacuum; sees that demos can be as tyrannical as the autocrats of yore. All he really knows is that the world about him is streaked with the tank-tracks of those who are bent, not only on repudiating the Enlightenment, but on stamping out liberty itself. By comparison it is obvious that even disillusionment is better than surrender. "No one nation can abolish war," Professor Becker argues, "if others employ it, by refusing to fight, or demonstrating its futility by committing suicide."

And yet is it not obvious that if our conception of man is dependent, as Professor Becker holds, upon an assumption that he is a being who has rights that may sometime be determined by a careful empirical study of the matter, there is mortal danger lest another conception, which need not wait, which has a drive stronger than that of the intellect, may triumph? Why should we believe that truth resides in the brain rather than in the blood, if blood and brain be all? It seems to me, in short, that if what we mean by "liberty" is really as modern as the eighteenth century, there may well be another fashion during the twentieth century. On the other hand, if the rights of man are genuinely inalienable, if they belong to his spirit and that in turn has kinship with immortality, no force can stamp out either consciousness of them or dedication to their preservation. After all, it is clear that religion is not so remote from this drama as Professor Becker thinks. For if it were, Hitler would hardly go to such pains to stamp it out. The book is certainly readable, and in the main, sound.

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of Literature

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WE ARE AT WAR

THE above words are the words that underrun all our thinking today. For now war against the Axis powers has reached the point of open declaration. It is not that the entire civilized world, as we know it, has not been at war for months and years past with the ideology and the intentions of the Axis. But today in a great Eastern city and a great Western city we have already heard air-raid alarms, and we know we are entering upon the hard and grim facts of war; as France entered upon them, and fell part captive; as England entered upon them, and has survived; as Russia has entered upon them and has now fought treacherous unprovoked attack to a standstill.

The readers of this magazine presumably belong to the civilized folk, which means that the facts of war must be abhorrent to all the fine minds and spirits not only in the countries opposing the Axis but in the countries of the Axis itself. Now, however, we have but one choice, to fight our hardest for the swiftest victory possible; and to do this we shall have to cease entirely being upon the defensive and must devise a grand strategy of attack.

The war of today is totally different from any that has gone before. It is devastating to civilians and non-combatants; it is a war of bombing from the air; it is a war in which there are no rules in the mind of the enemy. Anything and everything goes, provided it is successful. That is what we must meet, repulse, and crush forever.

Therefore this war is the most important matter in our minds today. Therefore the *Saturday Review of Literature* shall so treat it, setting before you the most important opinions concerning it, discussing authoritatively the most important books written about it, dedicating its services to its country in every way possible. This does not mean, however, that it will lose sight of literature as a great spiritually moving force. We shall also discuss with you the books of vision that attempt to see past the battle and build for the future.

What we need in this country is imagination. What our enemies possess is a military imagination thus far superior to any that has come against it, because for years they have been dedicated wholly to war and aggression. We are just learning the new weapons of war. We learn fast in America, but already we have met with a treacherous and disastrous surprise in Hawaii. We are a great producing nation, and the wheels are rolling, but we shall have to quicken our tempo and treble or quadruple our output. We have a high potential, but we shall need every electric atom of it, if we are to beat those who desire the world in chains.

Let us not underestimate our enemies. They regard War as the highest aim of Man. They are strong in armor and devilish in craft. They are dedicated to stark and ruthless militarism. We shall need all our strength, and all the resources of our minds.

Your President knows that just as the Axis powers interlock and work together, so must the Allies interlock and work together. We are all now, we countries that are fighting Nazism and Fascism, parts of one whole. We must adopt a grand strategy. And we as individual citizens must be prepared, each one of us, to sacrifice for the greatest good of all. We enter upon what to us is going to become a new world—a new world of effort, a world that will bind men and women closer together; that is, even now, uniting our large land to an extent unforeseeable a few weeks, even a few days, ago.

The Saturday Review of Literature intends to bear its part. It believes that all that makes life worth living for is at stake. It believes that not only Truth, which has many guises, but all free thought and every desire toward the life of men and women of good will, is in dire and immediate peril. It is no mere theory that confronts us.

We say this so strongly in order that there may be no mistake. Our attitude is anything but Laodicean. We shall bend every effort to help make this country united in its war upon the dark ages that are trying to reassert their ruthless intolerance and cruelty. We shall do everything we can to uphold the arms of our United Services. We shall try to bring you the truth, and keep before you the highest ideals of our democracy.

We believe that great creative writing, too, is one of the strongest stays, one of the greatest ramparts for the mind and soul in the evil hour, that mankind can find. We shall keep the great creative works of the mind before you, and continue to encourage with unbiased appraisal all meritorious new work of whatever kind.

That is how we feel in this crisis. How far we can live up to our words remains to be seen. This is merely our dedication. We shall try to make the *Saturday Review of Literature* for you a strength, a solace, and an inspiration.

W. R. B.

Walker Under-Sea

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

THE waters here are silver-quiet
Slow ripples move across the ceiling there
As the smooth surface meets the curving air.
Each motion here is measured as the tide
Is measured by the circling moon.
The body rises from the sand,
Slanting across the changing world.
The fluid walls receive the imprint now
Of glimmering hand seeking the swaying fern,
The pearled flower and the pale moon-fruit.
The wind that moves the coral bough
Comes from no mountain, brings no hint of snow.
The morning sun, bright in the certain sky,
Sends down forgotten coins of light
To drift and bend and join the water-flow.
Here is no limit for the traveler.
No road is measured and no warning star
Tells him where home and harbor wait,
Cast up like shells upon the shore of night.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Opinions of Oliver Allston"

SIR:—The war on America has thrown a new light on Howard Mumford Jones's review of "Opinions of Oliver Allston" in your issue of November 15th. In spite of its excellence it seems to me he missed two of the most important points of the book.

Van Wyck Brooks deplores the fact that the books of the last twenty years have represented the "death-drive"; that writers wanted to "kick their world to pieces"; that they showed that life was not worth fighting for because it was not even worth living. Well, at least half the people in America agree with Mr. Brooks. I mean the women. For women are the conservers, the creators of life. So all novels glorifying the "death-drive" affront all a woman's instincts. Is it not very significant that no major women novelists have written with the philosophy of the Hemingway-Joyce-Caldwell-Eliot school?

Brooks's second most important point is that what America needs is writers who are "the affirmers of life," books that represent the "life-drive." The misery and bloodshed of war are a true part of life but the greatest novel in the world gave *both* sides of the human picture: "War *and* Peace." In the last twenty-three years Brooks's voice is almost the only one raised against animalism, sordidness, negation, futility, and destruction in our literature. It is my firm belief that to all thinking women and many men his book appears like a welcome beacon in a sea of literary destructiveness.

What America needs today is to take Brooks's book to heart. If it does, he will become a leader of a whole new school of writers who, for a change, will show some "of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen." Writers who (in spite of man's occasional lapses into horrible wars) believe in the fundamental goodness of the human race and the ultimate progress of a democratic mankind.

CLAIRE MYERS SPOTSWOOD.

New Haven, Conn.

Coincidental Commentaries

SIR:—To your apposite quotations from the elders you may like to add this which a century has not tarnished. It is from Byron's "Don Juan," Canto Nine, XXIII.

For me, I deem an absolute autocrat
Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

And I will war, at least in words (and—should
My chance so happen—deeds), with all who war
With thought;—and Thought's foes by far most rude,
Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.

I know not who may conquer: if I could
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation.

It is not that I adulate the people:
Without *me*, there are demagogues enough,
And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,
As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
I do not know;—I wish men to be free
As much from mobs as kings—from you and me.

The consequence is, being of no party,
I shall offend all parties:—never mind!
My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty
Than if I sought to sail before the wind.

S. M. ILSLEY.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

"Be careful, my good man! You're making a mess of our current events section."

Children's Books

SIR:—Leo Lerman's article on children's books [*SRL*, Nov. 8] is most instructive and I feel confident it will go a long way in educating the American public in the intricacies of juvenile book publishing.

We are grateful for the inclusion of the Junior Literary Guild in this article but upon reading it I think you will agree the impression is given that our fee is not a definite one, and likewise our publication of forty-eight books is not definite. They are both standard, and have been for many years.

The Junior Literary Guild selects four books per month, one for each of four children's age-groups. Thus, a total of forty-eight books annually is definitely selected.

As regards our fee, we pay to the publisher in each instance (which is divided between him and the author) a royalty fee of twenty cents per copy (not a set lump sum, as indicated in your letter). Payment of our royalty is made sixty days after the Junior Guild release date of our edition.

MILO J. SUTLIFF, *Vice Pres.*

The Junior Literary Guild.

"Whose Storm . . . ?"

SIR:—Two of the quotations from Dickens in the letter of inquiry headed "Whose Storm Is It?" [*SRL*, Dec. 13] are to be found in the fifty-fifth chapter (entitled "Tempest") of "David Copperfield," describing the storm at Yarmouth in which Steerforth and Ham Peggotty are drowned. In David's narrative occur the words, "If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising," and later "For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining now, that I heard shrieks out at sea . . . and now, the fall of houses in the town." The third quotation is from "The Cricket on the Hearth," the song is the kettle's, not the cricket's: "It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way."

SIDNEY N. DEANE.

Northampton, Mass.

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The March of Quotations

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. With an Introduction by Carl Van Doren. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 879 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A MORE delicious case of English insularity (and I say it as one who greatly honors the English for many things) has seldom come to the attention of this reviewer than is "The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations." The idea of American literature to be derived from it is so very startling, that I wonder how Carl Van Doren, the elected introducer, managed to hold his tongue. O God, O Montreal, such beauties there are! Let us see, let us see!

—*From "Stops."*

First are plucked these posies: three lines from a sonnet by T. B. Aldrich; the title "What Price Glory?" from Maxwell Anderson; "America! America! God shed his grace on thee," by Katherine Lee Bates; "All Quiet Along the Potomac," by Ethel Lynn Beers; "Come on and hear Alexander's Ragtime Band," by Irving Berlin; the end of "Thanatopsis" by Bryant; Gelett Burgess's "Purple Cow," and so on and so on. They've got two names for Bret Harte (a mammoth discovery) and a half page for T. S. Eliot because they think he's English. They do not fail to include the great sayings of Henry Ford and Texas Guinan, and they give Edna St. Vincent Millay one line, which, in glorious juxtaposition, stands thus:

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
1892—
Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare.
The Harp-Weaver, pt. IV, sonnet xxii.

MRS. EMILY MILLER
1833-1913
I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell.
The Little Corporal. I love to Hear

They never heard of William Vaughn Moody, but they quote one verse from the "Unmanifest Destiny" of Richard Hovey, while omitting his far more popular and well-known (since you're getting down to household words) "It's always fair weather, when good fellows get together!" They think Don Marquis (God rest him!) is still alive, and that the late Du Bose Heyward (also listed as living), whose "Porgy" merely would have yielded them several quotations, invented the phrase "Roll dem bones." Emily Dickinson has three quotes, William Jennings Bryan has two, Cabell has three; Longfellow actually has three pages, while Whitman has a page and a half and Oliver Wendell Holmes about a page. A famous American writer is Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr with those deathless lines:

O true brave heart! God bless thee, whereso e'er
In God's great universe thou art to-day!

Clement C. Moore, Stoddard King, Joyce Kilmer only for "Trees," Anita Loos for the title, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; (James Joyce has the title of one of his books listed too!) James Ryder Randall and Robert Cameron Rogers; the Roosevelts of the Strenuous Life and the New Deal; William Penn and John J. Pershing ("Lafayette —!"); Wash Irving and Henry James (British); Andrew Johnson and (Thank God!) Patrick Henry and Dan'l Webster; Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman and Sam Walter Foss; Herbert Hoover ("a noble experiment") and Joe Chandler Harris; Ben Franklin and a page for James Russell Lowell.

In the English corner? Bill Shakespeare, of course, gets a lot, half as much again as the Holy Bible and the Book of Common Prayer put together, sixty-four or so pages. Nobody can touch him. Alf Tennyson, runner-up among the poets (or prose-writers too, for that matter), is a very bad second with about fourteen pages, Milton third with about thirteen, Kipling fourth with eleven, Wordsworth (the old platitudinarian) fifth with ten. Our own Abraham Lincoln gets a little more than half a page, and our leading modern poets, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Ezra Pound, Robinson Jeffers, and Elinor Wylie, have said nothing memorable at all. Try and find them! Even Gerald Stanley Lee is "in", with the great statement, "Business to-day consists of persuading crowds." On the same page is our Henry Lee with "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow citizens." "Countrymen," which we learned at school, was wrong. But then old British Ben Jonson in this decorous vol. is called Benjamin Jonson—I think almost for the first time in English literature!

It's a gorgeous book! Now let's be fair.

When you go to the English index to look up a line or phrase that is as old as the hills and whose author you have completely forgotten, if you ever knew, the chances are you can spot it without trouble—example: under Home, "Little Gray Home in the West"—like a flash you find out it was D. Eardley Wilmot *contemp.* (*orary* is the way you fill that out—not what you thought!) The pagination and indexing are perfect for quick attribution of the familiar line or verse to the right author. And incidentally, most of the sayings you thought proverbs were made up by Jonathan Swift (Irish)! I should say "The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations" would be a crackerjack book for those games of Quotations played at parties where people don't know any quotations. Even if the American novel is represented by one sentence from Edith Wharton's "Xingu," aside from three short quotes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the listing of James Fenimore Cooper's title "The Last of the Mohicans"; even if, for literacy, you have to repair to John Bartlett as revised by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett; there are a couple of things I have learned from the laborers in this golden treasury. One is that it was Cornelius Whurr who wrote the lines my father was always fond of quoting,

What lasting joys the man attend
Who has a polished female friend

(I have found that useful in life!) The other is a juxtaposition of Phoebe Cary to Harry Castling (a new-found male friend!) which makes

Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

end in

What-Ho! She bumps!
Let's all go down the Strand.

Meanwhile they can continue to give Chesterton more space than Chaucer, and take no notice of the fact that in these barbaric United States we ever wrote anything. There'll always be another England—so see if I care!

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Clement C. Moore: "A Visit from St. Nicholas."
2. Tennyson: "In Memoriam."
3. Shakespeare: "As You Like It."
4. Milton: "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity."
5. Thackeray: "The Mahogany Tree."
6. Charles Wesley: "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."
7. Robert Herrick: "Ceremonies for Christmas."
8. Ben Jonson: "A Hymn on the Nativity."

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Sitwellian Variety

OPEN THE DOOR! By Osbert Sitwell. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

OSBERT SITWELL possesses superbly three gifts invaluable to a writer of short stories—liveliness, style, and a sense of period. There are moments when, a little sated by too much "modern" fiction, I am inclined to think the last gift the most valuable. Novel after novel, tossed to us from Intelligentzia Point, contains men and women who live a strange, cerebral, cosmic, or ventral existence, and belong to no recognizable world of our experience. Mr. Sitwell produces in every one of these stories human beings we know, or whom our parents knew: here are people who, if they came to America, Father would have known how to talk to.

"Open the Door!" is a book of rich variety. Here are stories of Edwardian and Victorian England, of South Italy with cosmopolitan gentry of Italy and England, one bitter, brilliant study of three young women who were super-rich, stories of artists, near-artists, and critics, and some stories of to-day, of England at war, of France at despair. "Defeat," a tale of a French officer after the surrender, is the best, most moving thing yet to be written of the first, immediate sensations that overwhelm the vanquished—it has tenderness, depth, and an understanding veracity. Of the lighter stories "The Glow-Worm," a mischievous caricature of the more rancid kind of columnists is very good fun, and "Champagne for the Old Lady" has a pleasant, O Henry-ish twist to it. Occasionally Mr. Sitwell's liveliness gets a little out of bounds. In one of the best of the stories of a vanished race, "Dead Heat," a tale of two old royal ladies, German and Russian, in exile at Geneva, he tells us that the German used to stay in England "with a bearded bishop" who had a wife and "eleven moustached daughters." Not all eleven with moustaches: not the strongest episcopal beard could so dominate a family.

While this book should be carefully avoided by all who detest wit, tolerance, and civilization, it will rejoice alike those who can still weep for mankind and those who can laugh. Some readers will turn most eagerly to the stories of to-day, others to those little glimpses—"True Lovers' Knot" is one of the keenest— of "those halcyon days of waists and bustles and bonnets, of hansom-cabs and top-hats and frock-coats, when life was serene and unruffled except for the disturbances that you, as an individual, chose to make for your own diversion."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THE POETS AND CHRISTMAS

Very few of the world's poets have failed to find inspiration in the story of Christmas. The verses below are taken from eight famous poems. Allowing 12½ points for each author correctly named, a score of 50 is par, 62 is good, 75 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. 'Twas the night before Christmas,
   when all through the house
   Not a creature was stirring, not even
   a mouse. . . .

2. The time draws near the birth of
   Christ:
   The moon is hid; the night is
   still;
   The Christmas bells from hill
   to hill
   Answer each other in the mist.

3. Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the
   greene holly,
   Most friendship is feigning; most
   Loving, meere folly:
   Then heigh ho, the holly,
   This Life is most jolly.

4. This is the month, and this the
   happy morn
   Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
   Of wedded maid and virgin mother
   born,
   Our great redemption from above
   did bring. . . .

5. Christmas is here;
   Winds whistle shrill,
   Icy and chill,
   Little we care:
   Little we fear
   Weather without
   Sheltered about
   The mahogany tree.

6. Hark! the herald angels sing,
   "Glory to the new-born King!
   Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
   God and sinners reconciled."

7. Come, bring with a noise,
   My merry, merry boys,
   The Christmas log to the firing,
   While my good dame, she
   Bids ye all be free,
   And drink to your heart's desiring.

8. I sing the birth was born tonight,
   The author both of life and light;
   The angels so did sound it.
   And like the ravished shepherds
   said,
   Who saw the light, and were afraid,
   Yet searched, and true they
   found it.

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Haitian Analysis

THE HAITIAN PEOPLE. By James G. Leyburn. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 342 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by HAROLD COURLANDER

JAMES G. LEYBURN has written a serious and superior social analysis of the Haitian people. It is one of the better pictures of Haitian life done in English in recent years, and helps to fill out a panoramic scene to which writers like Melville Herskovits, Rayford Logan, Price-Mars, and J. C. Dorsainvil have contributed much.

"The Haitian People" touches on ethnic and historical matters, on the religious roles of Vodun ("voodoo") and the Catholic Church, on problems of commerce and day-to-day living, and on the Creole language of the citizens. But running through all Haitian life there is an elemental caste-like differentiation between the peasantry and the "élite," and it is with this phenomenon, I think, that Dr. Leyburn is primarily concerned. Most of the important contemporary literature on Haiti has stressed Vodun, folklore, and the Revolution with its great men. It has unaccountably evaded or ignored the curious class, or caste, structure of Haitian society.

Haiti is the most densely populated nation in the New World, with 294.9 inhabitants to the square mile. Of its three million or more people, perhaps ninety-seven per cent are peasants and workers, the rest "élite." The "élite," by and large, are mulattoes, the peasants mainly Negroes. The "élite" speak French and have basic educational opportunities, while the peasants are largely illiterate and speak Creole. The peasant is tied to his land, not through law but through social and economic pressures and rigid traditions. His ways are different. His folklore and his intellectual resources are different. He is less acceptable than a foreigner to the "élite." His standard of living is lower, and the economies of his life are agrarian. He is conservative—even apathetic, according to the author—and proud of his individual liberty. He feels an undercurrent of hostility against the "élite" that goes back to the days of slavery and the Haitian Revolution.

The "élite" are proud of their "culture" (which is essentially European), their professional aptitudes and inheritances, their light color, their legal marriages, their control of the political life of the Republic. They feel that peasant life is mainly degraded and even *sauvage,* vital though it is to their own welfare.

The patterns, Mr. Leyburn believes, were set early in the nation's history. Efforts to keep the freed slaves on the soil resulted in strong legal acts toward that end. The breakup of the great estates in the South at an early hour pointed toward an eventual peasant economy. And the struggle between blacks and mulattoes for power created color lines that now separate the mass of Haitians from the dominant "élite." Even today the peasants speak of the need for a "black president" who would have their welfare at heart. But because it is the mulattoes who have had education, professional training, and political experience, it is from their group that recent presidents have been recruited.

Mr. Leyburn acknowledges work on Haitian "castes" by John Lobb, but fails to mention "Haiti's Social Structure" and other articles by George Eaton Simpson that have appeared in *The Journal of Negro History, Social Forces,* and *The American Sociological Review.* The bibliography omits rather important recent work, like C. L. R. James's "The Black Jacobins" and Rayford W. Logan's "The Diplomatic Relations of The United States with Haiti," as well as novels of Haitian life by J. B. Cinéas and Pétion Savain. Certain chapters of the book, such as those on Vodun and religious borrowings, are restatements of already familiar material, but they are freshly done and serve to give a well-rounded view of present-day Haitian life.

Analysis of unique modern social institutions—*placée* marriage, caste, politics, etc.—in terms of their historical causes is Mr. Leyburn's special contribution to Haitiana.

THIS LAST DEVOTION

by Hugh Western

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DIMENSIONS IN WAR

(*Continued from page* 7)

Mr. Cranwell, he arrives at the same conclusion:

> Striking at the activities . . . that produce the machines for decisive warfare is a far more effective attack than the destruction of a few thousand lives.

At this point Mr. Marshall, with his clear view of military event rather than theory, goes on to a few warnings. It is not enough merely to build, or to order, thousands of tanks and airplanes.

> The observer . . . has become so fascinated by Blitzkrieg's thundering chariots that he ignores . . . the extent to which the excellence of the coöperating services made possible victories seemingly won by the tank . . . The fighting in and west of Smolensk should be a landmark in mechanized history, for it was not until (then) that there was a defensive against tanks in this war which did not warrant the term makeshift.'

Same thing with the air arm:

> It was true of General Mitchell, and of his followers . . . that they were as limited in their grasp of the tactical usefulness of the airplane in modern war as they were expansive and over-zealous in defining its strategical horizons. They simply were not interested in exploring the subject of air-ground collaboration.

That is, by all means let us have tanks, airplanes, self-propelled artillery, and all the parade of mechanization. But let us also bear in mind that all these are instruments; that what really matters in modern war is fluid force, whose forms are subject to change overnight—which can only be valuable in defense or offense by keeping the intelligence as flexible as the weapons it wields . . . Or so much for the theory; but the special value of Mr. Marshall's book is that it is not an examination of theory but of practice, and that no one from a general to an air-raid warden but could benefit from the ideas he expresses, and those he suggests.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 403)

MALCOLM ELWIN:

SAVAGE LANDOR

"I shall dine late," wrote Landor, "but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." The world moves slowly toward enlightenment; fools, not merely illiterate but . . . of high places, ignore the light for fleeting shadows."

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CASSANDRAS AND ASTROLOGERS

(*Continued from page 4*)

He anticipated that the war would start with the Panama Canal being blocked by the explosion of a Japanese freighter; that the Philippines would be taken within a month; that a fortnight later Guam would be lost; that two months later submarines and airplanes would be off the California coast preying on commerce and bombing California cities. Two months after that a large proportion of our fleet would be lost, but the following year the United States would regain the initiative and Japanese defeat would be inevitable. Unhappily and happily, Mr. Bywater's timetable has been awry in certain respects. May it more happily be proved awry in other respects!

Expert and persuasive military and naval criticism in British newspapers and periodicals antedated similar criticism in American journals. Before the American public got to know fully who Hanson Baldwin, George Fielding Eliot, and Fletcher Pratt were, Colonel Charles a-Court Repington (during the last war) and Captain Liddell Hart (after the war) had wide audiences—not only in England but in the United States. Captain Hart is probably the best known of the lot. Our critics have devoted some of their space to discussing him and for the most part they think he has been wrong.

In his several books and many articles and particularly in "The Defence of Britain" which appeared in the summer of 1939, Captain Hart advanced theories which his critics have challenged. They were able to go after him as hard as they did because he made the error of letting the sincerity of his convictions and the unorthodoxy of his opinions lead him to overstate a case which events of this war have not proved to be unsound. He saw British and French generals unwilling to admit that, in the last war, there had been useless, wholesale slaughter in offensives that had no chance of succeeding. He watched the generals prepare their plans with the apparent idea of doing the same thing over again. He did not make sufficiently plain certain qualifications to his "deduction from experience that the defensive has a great and growing superiority." Tie a cleric to a text (I think Renan said this but, if not, it was a lesser light) and he will escape in the exegesis. Liddell Hart, I suspect, thought that he could prevent such an escape by not giving many hints as to an exegesis that might be pertinent.

Moreover, and naturally enough, a military critic never likes to say that one of his confrères (and competitors) is right and rally to his support. Each must have a better theory even though he cannot excogitate it and get it talked about. There was something like a ganging up against Liddell Hart by military correspondents (not only American but English and continental) who differed among themselves, but not spectacularly. They at least agreed that he was wrong and when the German campaign in France succeeded so magnificently they said: "Ah, this proves that he *was* wrong."

But the fact is that Liddell Hart put a good many qualifications to his theory. He said that the offensive could succeed "in a campaign where the defender has no offensive counter wea-

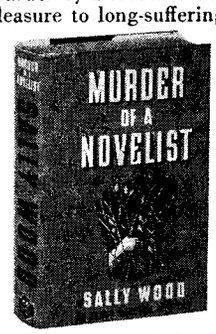
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE STRANGE DEATH OF MANNY SQUARE *A. B. Cunningham* (Dutton: $2.)	Death of Southern farmer by mulekick arouses doubts in mind of Sheriff Jess Roden who excels at "lookin' around."	Canny Kentuckian builds up cases against numerous suspects with great skill—then breaks all down but the surprisingly right one.	O. K.
THE CORPSE IN THE SNOWMAN *Nicholas Blake* (Harpers: $2.)	Suspicious "suicide" of tragic English girl followed by two disappearances makes more work for Nigel Strangeways.	Well constructed and rather horrifying opus from initial discovery by two youngsters to final disclosures of detective.	Among the best
A PINCH OF POISON *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Stokes: $2.)	Poisoning of girl in Manhattan hotel roof restaurant drags in Lt. Weigand, the Norths, and Sgt. Mullins.	Not quite the fine frenzy of first North story but better than opus 2 and generally ingenious, thrilling, and scatterbrainish stuff.	All to the good

Taking a gander out of our ivory tower the other day, we noticed a bit of holly hanging on the window sill. This wistful reminder had its effect. The Gory Gazette will now give out with Christmas gift suggestions. We'll confine our advice to something we know about, *all* about, to wit, Inner Sanctum Mysteries.

First of all, then, we advise *Murder of a Novelist* by SALLY WOOD, just published yesterday—for people who prefer Amontillado to gin fizz, crisp linen to sleazy silk, Noel Coward to Joe Miller. Also recommended as the perfect gift for that Inveterate Fan on your list who wants to lock himself away on Christmas day and have a beautifully tranquil time with the *latest* mystery. Remember, too, that the choice of victim in *Murder of a Novelist* will bring a vicarious pleasure to long-suffering readers.



In the Department of Sure Bets—for people who have everything, for people who have nothing, for people who ought to have some fun—is *Trial by Fury* by CRAIG RICE. Backing up our own highly prejudiced opinion are unanimous cheers from the nation's critics. *Time* Magazine says: "Triumphantly rowdy and dexterously plotted." And the New York *Sun* sums up with simple dignity: "Miss Rice Is Miss America."

For people who want to know the inside story wrap up *The G-String Murders by* GYPSY ROSE LEE. "Her novel is a rich and lusty job, brimming over with infectious vitality and a hilarious jargon of her own," says *Life* Magazine. And we add that *The G-String Murders* (printings now 30,000 copies) is on its way to being the best selling mystery of our time.

One last tip for Gory Gazette readers: give yourself a Merry Christmas (we'll take up the Happy New Year situation in our next issue) with the latest Inner Sanctum Mystery:

MURDER OF A NOVELIST
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pons to nullify the offensive instruments such as aircraft and tanks;" that it could succeed "against an opponent with similar equipment if the attacker displays a great superiority of art." He only maintained that unless the attacker—barring these two exceptional cases—had overwhelmingly superior forces, effective defence would promise more than ineffective offence. The Germans sometimes had overwhelming force; they found their opponents without weapons and they displayed "a great superiority of art." And no one would say that the first Japanese victory over the American navy showed Liddell Hart to have been wrong.

SOME of England's achievements are due to the writings of Hart and to the personal influence that he exerted on Hore-Belisha, Secretary of State for War before and for a time after bloodshed began in September 1939. The British army was modernized—to some extent; it was reorganized—to some extent, with some generals who had had special training being put in jobs where their training (and lack of age) might be useful. But much more has had to be done since in further reorganization. As yet few of our admirals and generals have been cashiered because civilian secretaries have concluded that they had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

American writers on military and naval policy have argued with the government, as Liddell Hart did, that serious deficiencies existed and that errors were not being corrected. But our writers' arguments have had less effect. One reason is that since Newton D. Baker was Secretary of War and Josephus Daniels was Secretary, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary, of the Navy, we have not had the War and Navy departments in the hands of officials competent and vigorous enough to master the problems with which they were supposed to deal. Our Secretaries of War and of the Navy have been puppets to parade and sign, to make speeches, to receive salutes—and latterly to write articles for the magazines. We have had a Congress that was generous in appropriating money but which was not inquisitive about the expertness with which the money was to be spent. Without a whimper Congress made huge appropriations for capital ships, some of which are still on the ways—ships which cannot be allowed to sail the seas without adequate protection against bombers by fighter planes. And who, save doubters, who had hunches—Cassandras in their way, but not many astrologists with the capital "A"—have argued the point? Happily there are indications that our capital ship program will be reconsidered.

Some of our military and naval critics have in the past raised doubts. They were not listened to, and the critics, naturally enough perhaps, were not in their own minds sufficiently convinced that the capital ship would be as vulnerable from the air as recent events have shown it to be. Perhaps the critics could not express their doubts and continue to be critics. An expert who writes for newspapers or who publishes books cannot be too critical of the policies of the services with which he deals. To secure his information he must remain on good terms with the generals and admirals. He has a feeling of responsibility greater than that which is felt by one like myself who ventures to criticize the critics. Hence the critics cannot be blamed too much for not being more forthrightly critical.

And even within these limitations they have done well. For the fact is that if the books that have been written by Hanson Baldwin and George Fielding Eliot and Fletcher Pratt had been read intelligently by the Secretaries of War and of the Navy and by the members of the Congressional committees on naval and military affairs, either some of our military and naval policies would have been different or, if they had been the same, they would have been accepted because proponents were able to justify them in the face of criticism and did not win out, as they had in the past, by reason of all the critics defaulting.

IT would be tedious here to enumerate the criticisms; and in the present juncture of our history, it might be too alarming. The critics themselves would not now state their cases as they stated them when their books were published. When Mr. Hanson Baldwin's "United We Stand!" appeared, one might say that (and indeed a review I wrote of the book was entitled) "Divided We Are Falling." Now we are united. His careful tables of naval strength should now be restudied in the light of the losses that all of the warring nations have suffered. His fears concerning the inadequacy of our anti-aircraft defences, not only territorial but naval, have, unhappily, not proved to be extreme. Major Eliot's "The Ramparts We Watch" might for a second edition have the title "The Ramparts We Did Not Watch." And Fletcher Pratt's "Sea Power and Today's War" and "America and Total War," at least are agreed in this: an overestimation of the American Navy and an underestimation of its indifference to the importance of the air arm. Mr. Pratt breached the lessons of Norway when ships went down after attacks from the air. But was he heeded?

On one matter Mr. Baldwin and Major Eliot and, to a lesser extent, Mr. Pratt, are in agreement. This matter is now far more serious than it was when first they wrote about it: the lack of any planning organization in Washington on naval, military, and air action. There is no such organization as yet in Great Britain, so perhaps we should not blame ourselves unduly. In a recent broadcast, Major Eliot suggested that perhaps one of the reasons for the sinking of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* was that they had no protection from fighter planes against the Japanese bombers. The Admiral might have hesitated, he said, "to call for aid from another arm"; and he added that this might be "understandable" because of the tradition of the service. We have such service traditions.

BUT planning for naval, military, and air action is not enough. We have no organization to coördinate military and naval power with industrial, economic, political, and propaganda offensives. In the last war, Sir William Robertson, Chief of the British Imperial General Staff, said that the effort of the armed services amounted to only twenty per cent of the total effort. Now the percentage must be less so it is now much more important than it was then to plan joint action. More than this, we have no organization to plan action by the Freedom Powers. On the necessity for this, all the Cassandras and Astrologers are in agreement. How long before they will be listened to? Until they are, talk of "world strategy" is an empty nothing.

Of course Mr. Bywater's prediction will come true: the United States will win this war. But should the tradition of the services which, under pressure of disaster has become less in Great Britain than it is here, be permitted to postpone the time? Highly placed soldiers and sailors—perhaps even highly placed statesmen—might well take an hour off and read C. S. Forester's novel "The General." Some will say it is a caricature: that there are no generals (or admirals) in the American services who entered them because they were not equipped to rise in more competitive occupations and who by living long enough without getting into trouble rose to positions far beyond their abilities. West Point's "cardinal virtues" which General MacArthur, as Chief of Staff, said were "courage and loyalty" may not be enough. Knowledge of routine may not be either. Nor may "duty, integrity, patriotism"—also General MacArthur's

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words. Imagination, resource, flair, judgment may be more important.

Three statesmen who have been at the head of things during the present war have published books. In a sense each is a Cassandra and each an Astrologist. Mr. Roosevelt's "Public Papers and Addresses" for his second term show that he anticipated much that happened and if he had had a freer hand would have dared to do something to prevent it. And Winston Churchill's "Step by Step: 1936-1939" details the warnings which he gave to the Conservative governments of Baldwin and Chamberlain—warnings which if heeded might have prevented an outbreak of war in Europe. A collection of his speeches as the leader of the British people will rank with the speeches of William Pitt when, a century ago, England had her back to the wall, but only in a struggle with the Continent.

BUT one volume is far more melancholy. Almost five years ago, Paul Reynaud published a little book which he called "Le Problème Militaire Français." France was appropriating huge defence sums. Reynald said that they were arrived at by totalling the requisitions for the three defence Ministries. There was no attempt "to determine whether, given the actual means of our state of defence, the perils which the country ran, and existing or probable alliances, it were better [for each billion francs] to construct a cruiser or five hundred planes or a thousand tanks." He added that doubtless the ideal thing would be "to have the strongest army, the strongest air force, the strongest navy," but he asked: "Is this possible? If it is not possible, we much choose, that is to say, decide." France never got around to deciding.

In the United States now our effort is to be "all-out"—but we heard that phrase before December the seventh. Doubtless our resources might be adequate to enable us to have the strongest army, the strongest navy, and the strongest air force—but when? We cannot achieve all of them at once and there is no machinery for choosing which should come first. Choice is essential if our all-out effort is to be more than a blue-print and is to be exerted when and where it will be most effective. That is a proposition to which the Astrologers and the Cassandras will agree. The Astrologers have seen their predictions go awry. The democratic states could not break with tradition and become efficient. The Cassandras have seen the German system break with the tradition of excessive regard for personal and professional sensibilities and become efficient.

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MAY LAMBERTON BECKER says: "For people of discrimination and experience with modern literature... OSBERT SITWELL'S new book of short stories, OPEN THE DOOR, which is good entertainment for people with good taste."

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Sociology and the Crisis

THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE. The Social and Cultural Outlook. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1941. 338 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

SOCIAL AND CULTURAL DYNAMICS. Basic Problems, Principles, and Methods. Volume Four. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. New York: American Book Company. 1941. 804 *pp., with indexes.* $6.

Reviewed by RUBIN GOTESKY

EVER since the publication in 1937 of the first three volumes of his "Social and Cultural Dynamics," Professor Sorokin has been the broad target of sharp criticism from every school of sociology. Cynics like Crane Brinton have politely sneered at his theoretical pugnacity and confidence in the rightness of his conclusions. Ignorant Marxists have attacked him as an oracle of reaction: better informed ones have accused him of bromidism, obscurantism, and mysticism. Even Catholic sociologists—and he considers himself a believer—have found serious fault with him for denying the existence of any universal law of progress or salvation.

Yet there seems little doubt that Professor Sorokin is one of the outstanding sociologists of our time; and the two books he has just published strengthen enormously this opinion. The fact that he has aroused so much polemic is in itself sufficient to indicate the degree of his influence or—at least—provocation. Undoubtedly many will continue to disagree with him, but they will nevertheless return again and again to his "Social and Cultural Dynamics" for both theory and method of investigation.

In "The Crisis of Our Age," Professor Sorokin reiterates in popular style the two dominant conclusions of his "Dynamics": that we are living through a period of convulsive, deep-going crisis; and that we shall ultimately leave this valley of bleeding shadows and enter, like Christians, a new world of sunlight and social harmony.

For Professor Sorokin, this crisis is not one merely of capitalism versus socialism or democracy versus fascism. It goes far beyond the merely economic or political to dig at the very roots of our life-beliefs. Man has exhausted the potentialities for progress and happiness inherent in the accepted ideals and material structure of contemporary society. His present world is exploding and breaking about him. For decades to come, he will be involved in terrible wars and revolutions. During this period, he will fall a helpless victim of epidemics of suicides, divorces, immorality, and insanity.

In terms of so fundamental a crisis, the conflict between capitalism and socialism seems to Professor Sorokin incidental. To him, socialism is not a new philosophy transcending the bankrupt materialism of this age, but this bankrupt materialism carried to its logical conclusion. He thinks the same is true of the conflict between democracy and fascism. Both represent the same materialistic values, but seeking outlet in different political forms.

Proudly, Professor Sorokin points to the fact that long before the era of peace and good will vanished from the face of this globe, his analysis of modern society had shown him that the period of relative peace and harmony was at an end. He cannot help reminding his reader that he, even before the Marxists, predicted that the twentieth century would be a period of unparalleled violence, riots, wars of all kinds, and revolutions. To him, these riots, wars, and revolutions are merely the practical results of a materialistic philosophy reaching, at long last, its logical terminus that men have nothing to live for but themselves. Once having reached this conclusion, men must reject every moral authority except their own uncontrolled desires and brute strength.

No one today will deny that society is in a fundamental crisis. Yet the full impact of this fact is not felt until one confronts the evidence which Professor Sorokin has accumulated. It is both impressive and depressing to realize the extent to which the crisis has ravaged every significant aspect of our social life.

Pitirim A. Sorokin

Our culture, Professor Sorokin points out, caters to the meanest desires of the myriad populations of the world. Its heroes and heroines are the pathological, the criminal, or the ridiculous. The noblest objects and ideals are debunked, caricatured, and debased. Of course, he recognizes the presence of a magnificent spirit of revolt among our more serious painters, sculptors, novelists, and poets, but this spirit is largely negative in that it either repudiates old values or interests itself exclusively in the development of techniques. The best art today is eclectic, a composite of a wide variety of techniques and ideals; it is not integrated by a single fervent moral vision or world view. Moreover the outstanding artists and writers of the present century do not rank with the outstanding figures of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth century.

In science today, reality and truth are made matters of language and convention. Nothing is true or real except that which the senses reveal; and nothing the senses reveal is indubitable or secure. The basis for any further understanding of the world has consequently been blown up. In philosophy, also, objective reality and truth have been made to abdicate; and relativism, pragmatism, and subjectivism have been enthroned in their place. In ethics and law, all norms have been reduced to conventions. As a consequence, less and less respect is shown both nationally and internationally for moral and legal norms. Within the state and between states, force is more and more resorted to for the solution of any serious difference. The family which kept alive the finest, the most altruistic, feelings is falling apart. More divorces, more childless marriages, more suicides and mental cases as a result of marital crack-ups are *the tendencious expression of its disintegration.* Criminality, particularly among those between the ages of sixteen and thirty, has been constantly on the increase; and punishments for all kinds of social lapses have multiplied in number and severity. Capital punishment in some European states has been extended to children of twelve and for crimes which at one time merited at most a couple of months in a reformatory. Sexual immorality—adultery, promiscuity—has increased enormously.

The worship of quantity has replaced the traditional respect for quality. Education is no longer judged by the kind of educated products turned

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out but by the number of schools built, children taught, and textbooks used. Modern society suffers from the disease of gigantism or colossalism. Men have respect only for the wealthiest men, the biggest crooks, the largest buildings, the most expensive paintings and movie productions.

In government, compulsion has replaced consent by the governed. Concentration camps, forced labor, compulsory legislation of all kinds—these are the new restrictions and institutions which men have created to coerce men.

In science and technology, the number of significant technological inventions and scientific discoveries has fallen, a tendency more noticeable today than ever before. More and more scientists are becoming mere fact grubbers or pedants. The great visionaries among scientists and technologists are vanishing.

THE profundity of our social crisis does not leave Dr. Sorokin completely pessimistic. His view of the future is not catastrophic like Spengler's. He feels that much of our enormous contributions to knowledge, art, law, government, language, and morals will not be lost and that only a part of our population and of our material wealth will be destroyed, despite the gigantic tensions and bloody battles of the next decades. What he expects will vanish are our materialistic ideals, our sensationalistic philosophy. The new order will be idealistic or ideational, *i.e.*, it will be dominated either by ideals of reason or by a belief in a supersensory being conceived as the source of all ethical, political, and social ideals.

In the fourth and last volume of "Social and Cultural Dynamics," Professor Sorokin develops polemically and exhaustively the methodological principles by whose application he derived the conclusions stated above. This is a brilliant book and an important contribution to theoretical sociology. It is unfortunate that there is no room in a literary journal to deal with the technical arguments used to defend its principles.

Briefly, Professor Sorokin believes that every society is a synthesis of material elements—men and things—and of meanings, *i.e.*, of interpretations men derive from and give to material elements. Every society, as a consequence, is a system of men and things integrated by meanings. No society, however, is a complete integration. Within and around it, there exist systems of material elements and of meanings which are independent of it. These he calls Congeries. Congeries may interact with a society, but they nevertheless remain independent of it. They can continue to exist and grow, even though the society of which they are parts is cracking up and disappearing.

Every society, like an animal, is self-moving and self-perpetuating. Each has its own peculiar, internal laws of development and degeneration which, nevertheless, operate in accordance with three fundamental laws. The first Professor Sorokin calls the "Law of Immanent Change." Every social system changes as a consequence of the peculiarities of its own structure or nature. The second he calls the "Law of Limits." No explanatory law of social change is completely and universally true; it is true only within certain defined limits or conditions. The third he calls the "Law of the Limited Possibilities of Change." The possible number of changes in any given direction in any society is definitely determined by the meanings and material structure of that system.

From these laws Professor Sorokin derives a number of very important conclusions. Every society is either sensate, idealistic, or ideational. When sensate, a society will emphasize sense experience over reason or faith. Our senses will be made the test of truth and material growth, the test of social progress. Our legal, ethical, and political norms will be accepted or rejected according to whether they do or do not conform with our sensory expectations or desires. When predominantly idealistic, a society will emphasize reason over sense or faith. It will develop universal and axiomatic standards derived from reason alone and it will consider all legal, ethical, and political norms permanent and unchangeable except when reason exposes their inconsistency. When ideational, a society will emphasize intuition, faith, belief in a supersensory power interpreted as the creator and central source of all ethical, legal, political, economic, and cultural norms and institutions. These three basic types of societies are the empirical expression of the law of limited possibilities of change.

The tremendous insight that the present crisis is not merely economic or political apparently leads Professor Sorokin to exaggerate to excess his differences with other sociological schools concerning the future society. In "The Crisis of Our Age," he leaves the false impression that the new social order will be completely different from that imagined by many socialists—at least, in its material aspects. Yet such characteristics as he does attribute to it are identical with those accorded it by socialists. For ex-

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ample, he believes that private property, national states, and political compulsion will not exist and that the relations of men to each other will approximate to those of members of a world family. What are these if not the most familiar of socialist beliefs? Even his opinion that the new order will be born out of the bloody travail of wars and revolutions is a formula well-known to Marxists of the extreme left.

The conflict of capitalism versus socialism, therefore, appears to have a more significant meaning today for society than Professor Sorokin seems willing to grant it. Obviously if all that socialism means is a change from one economic formation to another, then the present crisis will not be solved. This may be what socialism means to some people, but actually its implications perforate to the very roots of our entire system of values. Yet even if limited to the economic, this conflict is still of tremendous significance. Professor Sorokin himself admits that socialism, in its purely economic meaning, is a condition essential to the new order.

Professor Sorokin also appears to us to dismiss too quickly the struggle between democracy and fascism. Undoubtedly, this struggle, if interpreted as purely political, touches nothing essential in our social culture, but as it expresses itself today, it is not at all purely political. It is intimately connected with the making of profound changes in our ideals and social system. The victory of fascism means the destruction of those conditions which are necessary for a revolutionary re-evaluation of values. Has Professor Sorokin forgotten that fascism does not permit men to think critically and for themselves? The victory of democracy means the perpetuation of conditions favorable to critical thought and intelligent, social action. It seems to us, therefore, that no social scientist ought to dismiss this struggle as unimportant theoretically and practically. Freedom for thought is an essential condition for the creation of the new social order.

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TRADE WINDS

IN these days of air alarms, radio flashes, and newspaper headlines, it is a pleasure to record that literary achievements by American writers are still being recognized by our English contemporaries in war-scarred London. Neither the rain of bombs nor the Libyan advance deters the British in their appointed literary duties. So to Christopher LaFarge comes the unique distinction of being awarded, by the Royal Society of Literature during these turbulent days, a Silver Medal for his "Each to the Other, a Novel in Verse."

We think the letter of notification is worth quoting:

My dear Sir:

The Council of the Royal Society of Literature desire to award the Silver Medal on the A. C. Benson Foundation to you in respect of your work, "Each to the Other, a Novel in Verse," and I am instructed to ask whether it will be agreeable to you to accept this honour.

Arrangements for the presentation will be made as soon as we receive your reply.

I have the honour to be
Your obedient servant,
F. L. Rudston Brown,
Secretary.

Mr. LaFarge replied that he would accept and gratefully.

★ ★

☞The current issue of *La Voix De France,* the only Free French newspaper in the United States, is dedicated to General Charles de Gaulle. In its pages are an unusual collection of documents and articles by writers such as Adolphe Demilly (Phillip Barrès, Betty Barzin, Robert Goffin, André Cavalier, and Fernand Leger. There is an official message from General de Gaulle rallying all Frenchmen, wherever they may be, to unite in action, in sacrifice, and in hope for the freedom of France. Readers who may want a copy should address their requests to 306 West 105th Street.

★ ★

☞One of the most distinguished of Latin-American writers—Luis Alberto Sanchez—is visiting New York as the first step of a national tour of the United States for the purpose of gathering material for a book in the nature of "Inside the United States." Sanchez is the author of some twenty books on poetry, history, literary criticism. Besides being a writer Señor Sanchez is active in political circles as he is a leading member of the Aprista; because of which he is an exile from Peru, living now in Chile.

★ ★

☞Now that Iceland, Greenland, and Alaska are potential battlegrounds, the United States Government is mak-

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ing use of the knowledge and experience which Vilhjalmur Stefansson, noted explorer and author, gained in the Arctic and put into "My Life with the Eskimo," and other books dealing with the Arctic regions. Stefansson has written reports for the Army totaling more than two million words, including an Arctic Manual telling soldiers how to live comfortably in the Arctic. He is now at work on pilot books of Arctic and sub-Arctic waters for the use of the Navy.

★ ★

☞The Lakeside Press of Chicago contributes fine examples in book production. Its employees, during their spare time, also publish books under the imprint of The Holiday Press. Their most recent title in the field of fine books is a modern American version of old Norse sagas, "Voyages to Vineland," newly translated and annotated by Einar Haugen, and illustrated by Frederick T. Chapman. The main body of the text is a modern translation of portions of two famous old Norse tales dealing with the Viking voyages of discovery to Vineland, presumed to have been a portion of North America. The volume is bound in book duck. The cover and endsheets were printed by offset, and all other parts of the book by letterpress. A regular trade edition may appear shortly.

★ ★

☞The letter bears the date of December 1. It is a promotion piece from the Hawaii Tourist Bureau. It asks us "Heaha Ka Mea Hou?" which means in our plain American language "What's New"?

★ ★

☞A history professor at Columbia was shown the following quatrain:

The Frenchman who occupies the Empire by war,
Will be betrayed by his minor brother-in-law

He recognized it at once as an unmistakable "portrait" of Murat—whose betrayal of Napoleon was predicted centuries in advance by Nostradamus.

★ ★

☞Beginning with the December issue, *Harper's* has teed off with a murder column. Howard Haycraft, author of the recent "Murder for Pleasure," is doing the detective-reviewing under *Murders for Pleasure*.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

Negro Life

Kate E. R. Pickard's "The Kidnapped and Ransomed," written in 1856, is being rescued from undeserved obscurity by the Negro Publication Society of America, as the first of a series devoted to Negro life, past and present. In its day it was read as a stirring slave-narrative, comparable in effect to "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Double-Crostics: No. 404

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

					1-C	2-N	3-F		4-V		5-C	6-A	7-E	8-O		9-S
10-Q	11-W	12-G	13-P		14-H	15-T		16-G	17-K	18-E	19-I	20-X		21-N	22-P	
23-Q	24-F	25-H	26-G	27-T	28-J	29-C	30-M	31-U	32-R		33-I	34-T	35-E		36-U	37-F
38-N	39-C		40-N	41-A	42-I	43-U		44-T	45-S	46-L	47-H		48-D	49-G	50-F	51-Y
	52-M	53-X	54-L	55-O		56-J	57-V	58-L	59-I		60-O	61-I	62-X	63-Q		64-G
65-J	66-O	67-D	68-U		69-L	70-X		71-D	72-S	73-Q	74-O	75-U		76-H	77-S	78-B
79-I	80-G	81-C	82-J	83-W		84-V	85-M		86-E	87-V	88-Y		89-F	90-T	91-I	92-J
93-W	94-Q	95-N		96-O		97-O	98-V	99-B	100-Y		101-K	102-G	103-Q	104-F	105-J	106-H
107-N		108-M	109-Y	110-X		111-U	112-D	113-B	114-H	115-I	116-K	117-X		118-R	119-P	
120-A	121-B	122-Y	123-E	124-C		125-K	126-M	127-S	128-O	129-A		130-V	131-M	132-P		133-G
134-M	135-Y	136-L		137-Y	138-T	139-E	140-O		141-X	142-K	143-R		144-P	145-L		146-W
147-X	148-H	149-U	150-R		151-C	152-G	153-V	154-N	159-J	156-B	157-L		158-J	159-L	160-H	161-W
162-N	163-C	164-E		165-D	166-C	167-V	168-J	169-L	170-B		171-A	172-B	173-P	174-E		175-N
176-D	177-S	178-F	179-X	180-J	181-B		182-B	183-Q	184-F	185-G						

AB

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Any small or insignificant portion.

B. A stupid fellow (comp.)

C. English-Scotch battle (1388).

D. *Jungle Book* hero.

E. A severe and critical examination of value, authenticity, etc. (2 wds.)

F. Cut superficially.

G. Creator of *Mehitable, the Cat.*

H. Massachusetts Bay Governor in Hawthorne's tale of a *Red Cross.*

I. To reveal nothing (colloq.; 2 wds.)

J. Novel by Sir Walter Scott.

K. Child heroine of George Eliot novel.

L. Moderating, abating.

M. Seat of a *Castle* in romance by Horace Walpole (1764).

N. That which gives strength and energy.

O. Choral hymn in honor of Dionysus.

P. Fussy or trivial matter (colloq.)

Q. River in South America.

R. Famous English tavern of 17th and 18th centuries.

S. To prosper, flourish.

T. To let go.

U. English publisher of first children's books (1713-67).

V. The central deity of the Jodo sects (Japan).

W. Muscular power; strength.

X. Not clipped or cut (as wool).

Y. Having a band of white about the body (certain animals).

WORDS

171	41	120	6	129					
172	156	113	99	170	121	181	78	182	
81	1	5	166	29	151	163	124	39	
165	176	67	48	112	71				
7	18	123	35	164	139	174	86		
3	89	24	178	104	37	184	50		
64	49	16	133	12	102	26	152	80	185
106	25	114	47	76	14	148	160		
42	61	59	91	115	33	79	19		
105	28	180	92	155	158	168	65	82	56
17	101	125	142	116					
169	54	46	159	157	145	69	58	136	
30	52	126	134	131	108	85			
95	2	175	38	154	40	162	21	107	
128	96	8	97	55	74	66	140	60	
22	173	13	119	144	132				
73	10	103	63	94	23	183			
150	118	32	143						
9	77	177	127	72	45				
27	15	138	90	34	44				
68	43	36	111	149	31	75			
130	167	4	84	98	153	87	57		
93	161	11	146	83					
179	70	20	53	62	147	117	110	141	
51	109	88	100	137	122	135			

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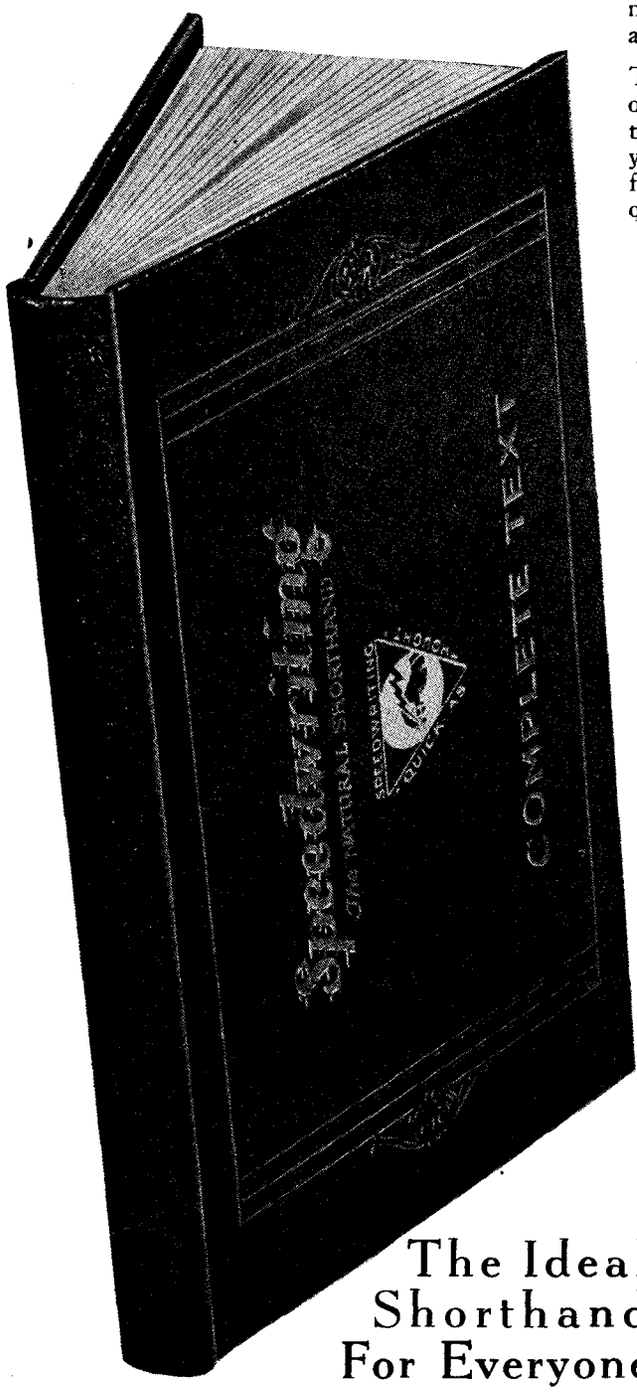

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